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W. R. HEARST

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THE WEATHER—Official forecasts for to-day indicate showers and thunderstorms; cooler; southerly winds.

ANARCHY IN
THE
JURY BOX.

romes of those who are so wise, prudent and virtuous as to have them, who would tax the inherited estate of the millionaire orphans, who would give the country a dollar that should not increase in value while resting in the safety deposit vaults, who would put a limit to the power of associated capital to corner the necessities of life, and who would otherwise legally enforce the pernicious doctrine that care for the interests of the many is a more important object of government than the safeguarding of the privileges of the few.

When this pestilent spirit is rife in politics and the press, it is not astonishing, however deplorable, that it should find its way into the jury box and manifest itself there to the despoliation of one of the class but for whose disinterested labors our national honor would now be lying in the dust. We refer, of course, to the verdict against Mr. John E. Searles, who labors for his country's good as secretary of the Sugar Trust. Mr. Searles, next to being a patriot, is a business man, and as such he respects the pennies as well as the dollars. Finding that his housekeeper was guilty of the extravagance of feeding his servants on food too good for them, he expressed the opinion to her that mutton stew, besides being cheaper than roast beef, was a more beseeching diet for menials, and in his indignation discharged the wasteful housekeeper. She sued him for salary under her contract, and the jury—evidently a Bryanized collection of disturbing demagogues—gave her judgment for the whole amount claimed, \$390.69.

Although \$390.69 is a large sum to anybody, and particularly to one who, like Mr. Searles, understands the value of money, the loss of this wealth, painful as it must be, is not the worst feature of the verdict. That verdict obviously is a notification to all millionaires that mutton stew is not good enough for their servants, and when the law thus steps in to pamper the lower orders and to dictate to men of means on what scale of expense they shall conduct their kitchens, it is high time that every friend of personal liberty should be up and doing. The dikes of civilized government are being pierced by the water rats which swim always in the ever-threatening outer sea of Anarchy. Property, conservatism, intelligence and the sanctity of private life have been struck at by this alarming verdict, this appalling attack made from the jury box.

Mr. Searles should call a mass meeting.

D'SASTROUS END
OF THE GREEK
STUGGLE.

They have played their cards on the Turkish side, and they, the Moslem armies, superior as these have been in numbers and equipment and leadership, have trampled the Hellenic cause under foot.

It is true they cannot permit the Porte to press his military superiority to such an extreme as will endanger the existence of the Greek kingdom, unless the Greeks, in their blind despair and humiliation, turn, like the wounded snake, on themselves and destroy their own monarchy. It is not probable even that they will find it consistent with their past professions to allow the Turks to advance much further into the heart of Greece. The indications go to show that their divergent views are gradually coalescing toward an interference which will end the war. They have paid the Greek for his supreme insolence in daring to take a daring stand for perfectly legitimate national aspirations. In defiance of the cold-blooded veto of Europe, he has been severely beaten in spite of his gallantry worthy of his ancestors of Marathon and Thermopylae, and there seems to be no military possibility of his immediate reversal of the verdict of war. Peace now by the mediation of Europe means absolute surrender of Greek affairs in the present and near future into the hands of a European protectorate. This involves a humiliation as terrible as if the Moslem had taken Athens and razed the glorious ruin of the Parthenon to the ground. Yet this seems to be inevitable.

Should the Hellenes in their rage de throne the Danish dynasty, which is closely connected with all the royal dynasties of Europe, and declare a republic, it would be a stroke of poetic justice which would cut close to the bone. The upspringing of an Hellenic democracy from the ashes of monarchy would send a thrill of alarm through eastern continental Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. It would organize another nucleus of revolution and its propaganda, which might easily be the ultimate instrument of an inexorable Nemesis in the not distant future. One cannot view the contingency of a republic as altogether unlikely among these Eastern Frenchmen, who have not forgotten that the greatest glories of Hellas were won by democracies.

But aside from this possible outcrop from the Greek desert, one is forced to believe that the success of the Turks has placed the whole Eastern question in a much more insoluble condition. The upbuilding of Turkish pride in this military proof of the immense vitality still existing in an apparently moribund empire will make the difficulty of managing the Porte vastly greater. If the Powers have avoided war among themselves, Turkish victory will have bequeathed them a situation which will require, perhaps, another war to cope with. The world will then laugh in disdain at the cold and short-sighted diplomacy with which it treated the Greek question and ranged itself on the side of Mussulman barbarism against European Christianity and progress. Dragons' teeth so well sown should produce a goodly crop of further blood and butchery in the not distant future.

THE PRESIDENT
AND THE SUGAR
SCHEDULE.

President McKinley, according to the Herald, whose reports of Washington news are generally careful and trustworthy, is dissatisfied with the sugar schedule. Typical protectionist that he is, this statement, if true, would seem to indicate that he recognizes the extreme peril of having Administration and party identified with such a manifest political sale to the most colossal of trusts.

From an extreme protection standpoint, such as McKinley would consistently approve, the Senate schedule shoots far beyond the mark. What cannot be put on this increase in the schedule, when the Dingley rates are materially decreased in the classes of the amended bill? If deference to the wishes of the protectionists which Dingley bill called

out, not only from revenue tariff men, but even from dyed-in-the-wool Republicans, was responsible for the cut schedules, why were the reverse tactics adopted in regard to the refineries? The suggestion of something mysterious behind this inconsistency smells so rank that it has penetrated even the protection-choked nostrils of our worthy President, who would hesitate long before disapproving any plausible scheme for building up the so-called interests of American labor.

If it is true that Mr. McKinley is opposed to the increase of sugar protection, it is pretty sure either that he believes that a sufficient amount of revenue will be produced without the addition, or that he suspects something so scandalous and disreputable in the influences which have brought that increase about. The public outcry, even from conservative men, which has associated the huge trust interests of the country with the manipulation of Republic politics, has been far sounding, and a legitimate ground of caution for those party managers who look to the future. But there are other things in the tariff schedule, yes, alike in the original and amended forms, beside the sugar schedule, which might kindle this kind of dread. It is the difference of treatment by the Senate committee as between sugar and a multiplicity of other products, which points to some lurking fact not apparent on the surface.

As to the genuineness of Mr. McKinley's reported views, some enlightenment of the fact will be found in his treatment of the Chapman case. This will be the Ithuriel spear to test the truth, and go far to show what he thinks of the true inwardness of the "sugar" fight.

H.W.
SOCIETY
IS SAVED.

"The Republican voter," says Senator Platt in an address to the public, "is not to be enlisted in any more non-partisan enterprises. In these days, when the red flag of disorder and confiscation threatens to wave wherever American enterprise and thrift are established, he has too much at stake." Interpreted so as to bring it within the understanding of common men, this language means the Democratic national platform, which declared against government by the injunctions of courts instead of the laws of Congress and the States, in favor of an income tax, and for bimetallism in preference to monometallism. A large-minded and patriotic publicist like Mr. Platt can, of course, have no sympathy with declarations so extremely radical as these. He stands as a wall against all dangerous innovation. "The real issue," he announces in clarion tones, "whether in New York or elsewhere, is that which twenty years of socialistic agitation has gradually pushed to the front, the issue on which a great political party has at last been captured, and which now, sustained by a party organization, menaces law and order and the rights of property and the opportunities of labor throughout the United States."

How the Republican party of New York, which is owned and directed by Senator Platt, encounters this menacing socialistic advance was shown by Mr. Platt's Legislature, recently adjourned. There the assembled saviors of society exhibited their respect for property by permitting the trusts to dictate all the anti-trust legislation, came to the rescue of law and order by imposing the Raines rules and regulations on the turbulent metropolis, rejected the nefarious proposal to cheapen gas, did in all things as they were bid by self-seeking wealth and Mr. Platt, and so at once rebuked the sinister forces of disorder and confiscation, and, it is to be presumed, "enlarged the opportunities of labor." Similarly, the Republican party, in control at Washington as Mr. Platt was in control at Albany, repels the socialism that has seized upon the Democracy by giving tariff favors in return for contributions to the McKinley campaign fund, and allows the Sugar Trust to write the schedule of the Dingley bill.

So long as we have the Republican party to do battle against the advocates of confiscation, and such friends of the people as Mr. Platt to place their bodies between the rights of property and the opportunities of labor and those who menace both, we may go to bed each night in the comfortable assurance that wealth has no chance to plunder poverty, and power no encouragement to oppress the weak. The Senator is to be congratulated on many things, but on none so much as his nerve.

THE CASES OF
HAVEMEYER
AND SEARLES.

The law promises to take its course in the cases of Henry O. Havemeyer and John E. Searles, of the Sugar Trust. Their trial for contempt of the Senate has been set for the 17th instant in Washington. It is not apparent how they can escape the fate of Broker Chapman, who has been sentenced to serve thirty days in jail. They, as he did, refused to tell the Senate Committee what it desired to know.

Of course Messrs. Havemeyer and Searles should not be dealt with more severely because they are in the Sugar Trust and extremely wealthy men, but, on the other hand, there is no reason why they should be treated otherwise than if they were poor citizens guilty of contumacy as witnesses. Efforts are being made to induce President McKinley to interpose between the law and Broker Chapman. Should he be saved from jail, the pardon would undoubtedly cause proceedings against Havemeyer and Searles to be dropped. It is difficult to see on what grounds of justice or public policy the President could justify his interference in these cases. If the men are guilty, and so declared by regular legal process, Mr. McKinley will do wisely to hold his hands off. The law should be no respecter of persons, no matter what may be the wishes of the Sugar Trust and its friends. The power of the Senate to inquire into the acts of its members cannot be abridged without grave consequences.

President McKinley has secured the resignation of the Kansas negro Mr. Cleveland made Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia. This is the man who got into the civil service woodpile and caused that organization so many sleepless nights, but Mr. Cleveland protected him as long as he was able.

If General Miles could be induced to act as a chaperone for Consul General Gowdy and induce that gentleman to wear a necktie the country would not be disposed to complain of the expense of his junket.

President McKinley is said to have tired of the persistency of the Ohio office seekers and the latter are thoroughly disgusted with the procrastination of the President. The Ohioans appear to be pulling apart.

It is really too bad that Mark Hanna's health has been impaired by the strain caused by the office seekers. The poor man should turn over some of the heavy work to Mr. McKinley.

That tax on beer may sooner or later cause the city of Milwaukee to bring action against the Republican party for obtaining its votes under false pretences.

It is said that the new Senator from Kentucky would rather listen than talk. If this be true he will find the Senate a most enjoyable place.

There are politicians in this vicinity who seem to think there is another batch of good offices in another "good citizens" movement.

The Havemeyer pipe line to the United States Senate is in excellent working order.

Col. Innocence,
of Kentucky.

"Say boss, how does yuh lak ma front?" I asked up from the paper I was reading in the shadow of the stall and behind Innocence; not the Innocence of the old life in any visible part, but an Innocence resplendent in the finest theory of Broadway; an Innocence who might have been a college student in color. His cutaway suit fitted him to a line; his shirt was gorgeous in stripe and hue; his tie correct in texture and construction; his gloves, tan and smooth; his derby in the best form; his patent leathers long, pointed and brilliant. The cigar smelled like a good one. Innocence stood still while I took him in from head to toe. Then he cocked his hat on one side, flicked his cigar, and said:

"Kindah swap yuh off, didn't I?" "You are all right, Innocence; you are all right, I couldn't do that myself; but I want to tell you that you'd have a hard time explaining it all to the police."

"Don't con me, boss; don't con. Dis is easy, easy. Dey des happen tuh be comin' tuh me, das all. Din' none uv de boys tell yuh 'bout it? Oh, I had the bes' thing at evah happenin'."

"Las' week I see thinkin' tuh masef at the grass yuv sho' shortfin' an' I mus be goin' 'long yuv tuh bunch 'r git frost-bit. So I'm gwine 'long down thah by the bettin' ring an' I see uh race wiv three hosses in it, an' evahbody bettin' on two uv 'em. By an' by I see uh gummikin' lookin' at the odds an' I know 'he's makin' up 'is mind' what he gwine bet on. I side up an' whisper sumpin' in his ear 'bout Pelham. I give 'im the good ole strong talk 'bout me ridin' 'im in 'nother race tuh week befo', an' he wuz easy. He skinned off uh twenty an' got uh Pelham ticket. While he's standin' thah I take uh little piece uv chalk an' make uh mark on the tall uv 'is coat so I know him. 'Cose ef Pelham win I'm wantin' tuh fin' 'at man mighty bad."

"It wuz my day tuh shine. In uh minute I see 'nother man wanderin' 'round kindah lak he's lookin' faw uh legal adviah, an' I git nex' tuh 'im. He's got the Pelham norden in he head, too, but I don' lak Pelham no mo', an' I done tuk uh sudden love uv Moss Rose, the otah good un in the race. He take uh lot uv good con talk, but I land 'im an' git 'im down twenty-five strong on Rose. Den I knows its gwine tuh be chicken faw me an' I puts ma little mark on he coat-tail, two little marks, an' 'at means ef Moss Rose beat Pelham I'm lookin' faw the second man. I got ma game all laid out, so I go down faw uh glass uv beer, an' soothe ma heart."

"I'm standin' out on the lawn not thinkin' 'bout nothin' 'lak and smillin' tuh masef, w'en uh good thing come 'long an' fell ovah me. I des couldn't git outah 'is way. I hadn't no time 'bout the die sixty-tuh-one shot in the race, an' didn' wan' tuh, but the good thing forced me. He come shillin' up tuh me an' say: 'Boy, is yuh one uv these jockeys? Yuh oughter see me dodge. It was too easy. Cose I tole him 'I see one uv the bes' at evah come ovah. Dey yuh know what happen tuh him. I didn' know whah tuh throw 'im faw uh minit, an' den I give 'im the ole long shot an' let 'im go. I sot 'im down so' wiv uh ten on at sixty-tuh-one. Des cose I got nothin' else tuh do I put ma mark on 'im three little chalk spots on 'is way. Ah, no tellin' 'bout no hosses, yuh know, an' might be lookin' faw 'im an' not know 'im nigh'."

"I dice up one uv them nasty dimes an' goes down tuh the stable boss' bar an' glances nussel wif 'nother schooner an' den takes ma seat in the 'grin' stan'. 'At face ah' got no charms faw me 'tall. Oise man bettin' on Pelham, 'nother man bettin' on Moss Rose; 'nother man piffin' on uh long shot; Innocence settin' in the 'grin' stan' wiv two beers inside an' suppin' uh brekfas right in sight; how kin yuh beat it. I see elsin' uh little so' tune tuh masef while the hosses is runnin'. Ah, even lookin' at 'em. Whut's the use; it's too easy."

"All 'twoncent somebody else's close tuh me 'twoncent 'nigh'. I look up tuh 'em, I had 'em trouble, an' thah come that ole sixty-tuh-one shot, gallatin' 'long by hissef. He wuz so faw ahead 'till the otah two hosses didn' know which way he went. Say, I wuz black in the face, Ah, no use tellin' yuh which man I see lookin' faw. It tuk me fifteen minits tuh see 'im, but I saw him good wiv the three little marks on 'is coat tail. He saw me comin' an' he commence smillin' an' reachin' faw 'is bank roll. He pulled out uh wad as big as yo' leg an' say, 'Nizrah, youse ma frien'. Whut'll we bet on nex' time? I say, 'bettah talk 'bout how much we win dis time an' my min' will wuk free."

"He don' do nothin' but skin three hundred off 'at bank roll an' shove it at me. 'Hevuh, nizrah, we win 'is hand; take yo' half.' Say, boss I come puffy nigh smassin' 'im, it wuz so sudnin'. I all 'twoncent tuk uh big love faw 'im an' I put 'im right. I tole 'im my stable didn' stah't no mo' hosses 'at day, an' he bettah wait uh day 'r two faw 'nother chance'. I see 'frail he'd make me too rich an' I git spilled wif money. I wanted 'im tuh last all Wintah and come good an' strong in the Spring; so I saved 'im."

Innocence took off his derby with a graceful swing and bowed a low adieu to an imaginary good thing and smiled complacently. "Den I got ma min' tuh wuk 'im an' I say tuh masef, 'Innocence, youse too good. Yuh des don't fit yuh an' yuh all polluted 'nigh faw yo' bettin' 'nigh'. An' I go litch tuh an' give ma little oodah tuh ma tallor, an' now yuh see me wivout de' glasses. Nex' time I goes trar' 'im tuh Pullman kyah is waitin' faw me."

"How about the two men who bet on Pelham and Moss Rose?"

"Well, dey don' finish. I'm des lettin' 'em fawgit ma face." He smiled again and drew out a roll of bills, looking at them sideways, as if he feared he'd get crossed-over from overwork. Putting his money back he scratched a match on the sole of his patent leather, adjusted his hat, shrugged his shoulders, shook out his trousers and said: "I see gwine down tuh the bettin' ring an' lay a few wagnah on uh hoss. Kin I put uh little bet down faw yuh, boss? Oh, no, I 'most fawgit sumpin'. Nex' time yuh see me yuh'll know me. He handed me a printed card. It said:

COLONEL INNOCENCE,
OF KENTUCKY.
LEGAL ADVISER.

Then he grinned and sauntered off.

CHARLES E. TREVATHAN.

Comforting Information.

[Archibald Globe.]

There are some girls who should not be blamed if their stockings wrinkle; all stockings are made to fit a fat leg.

The Atchison Way.

[Archibald Globe.]

No man ever married a second time without the women saying he was mean to his first wife.

Down to Minutes.

The Turk in his guarded tent acts as though he had got his dreaming down to minutes this time.

M'KINLEY LEANS SPAINWARD.

Sherman Also as a Senator Was for Blood, But as a Cabinetee Is All for Diplomacy—What the Report in the Ruiz Case May Be.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—Callhoun, but some maladroitness of transportation, should be in Havana by Tuesday night. Callhoun makes a special pilgrimage for McKinley, and to become informed as to the facts in the Ruiz case and discover the blood-stained truth concerning the details of his taking off.

It is the word in Washington that the Administration is not in sympathy with the Ruiz claim. McKinley and Sherman would prefer—if truth permits—to find the Spaniards guiltless. I do not mean that they would wrong the Ruiz claimants, or decide in Spain's favor against a crying fact. But what I would be understood as saying is that the anxiety of our President and his Premier are all to clear the skirts of Spain if they fairly may; and as Callhoun goes soaked with this knowledge of the Administration's leaning, it may all go a long way toward defeating international justice and may deny to the Ruiz family that reparation which is their due.

No, I can't say why McKinley and Sherman lean Spainward at this time. But they do. Sherman has decidedly withdrawn his horns and now talks peace and patience, where a year ago he was for blood, burnt powder and all of the clamorous terrors of a thrice horrid war. The Sherman change occurred coincidently with his notification from your uncle Hanna of a coming friendship. It was Sherman himself who brought this mollification of his red

marble room on a day last February. I should hesitate to repeat our talk, because while it was neither confidential nor private, our old statesman has an uncanny habit of state forgetting these conversations, albeit he never forgets to deny them should he fall to fancy their looks in print. But there were some four people present besides Sherman and myself, and I'll therefore chance a State Department contradiction at this point.

"You know," said Sherman, speaking of the Ruiz case, "that he was not a native born citizen; he was only naturalized."

"What of that?" I asked.

"Why," returned Sherman, "it presents a question. Spain has always denied the right of a Spanish subject to lay down his citizenship without her consent and become a citizen of this country."

A Theory Which Was Once Exploded.

"Spain may indulge her worn-out theory in that behalf," I replied, "as much as she chooses, but why from our standpoint should we consider it? With us it is not, I take it, an open question. England said, 'Once a subject, always a subject,' and searched our ships for English born seamen, and we fought the war of 1812 as our reply. Later, Jackson forced France to a payment of heavy damage over the same question. As late as Blaine's day he made England give up an Irishman who was a Fenian in an oral way, and once spoke violently of the Queen and other British specialties in New York. This Irish agitator was a naturalized American. He had been a British subject. The English looked him up when he went to London for his seditions in New York, declaring as they did so the old 1812 doctrine, 'Once a subject, always a subject.' Blaine made them release him and abandon their pose. In short, we've fought England and threatened France as far away as eighty-five and sixty years ago, respectively, on this subject, and in our own time forced from England the admission that her subjects might change their citizenship for ours, and yet now you say the matter is still a question because Spain still makes the claim?"

"Of course," said Sherman, "you have stated our position correctly. We demand the same rights for one naturalized citizen as for native born. But still when Spain denies, for instance, that Ruiz, who was once a Spanish subject, could become a citizen of the United States, it makes a question, don't you see?"

I said I did not.

Then I called Sherman's attention to a speech he made a year ago last February in the Senate, wherein he was for wrinkled war with Spain, and hurled the very javelins of Jove at her from his place in the Senate. It was as I showed him, the most lurid war talk yet made by any American statesman over the Cuban situation.

Sherman said the speech reflected his views, but tried delicately to point out to me that then he was only a Senator.

As a Senator, for War; As a Secretary, Diplomacy.

"At that time," he said, "you will understand, I had no idea or thought of being called into the Cabinet, as I now expect to be within a few weeks."

"What difference does that make?" I asked. "Isn't truth in the Senate still truth in the Cabinet; and does right change to wrong because one ceases to be a Senator and becomes a Secretary of State?"

"No, but the position is different," replied Sherman. "As a Senator I might say many things that it would not be proper to say as Secretary of State. It seems to me you can see that."

I still insisted, however, that I was of too darkened a mind to see aught of the sort, and he would have to depend on some more elevated intelligence to fully justify his Senate Dr. Jekyll with his Cabinet Mr. Hyde.

There was more said in a similar strain and it all taught me—for McKinley on the occasion of Sherman's Canton business had made him over in the Cuban business—that the Administration then coming in and which is now here would, so far as might be, sooth, the Spanish question and encourage nothing that might bring about a rupture. Since then it has come to me many times, touching the Ruiz case, that it was a claim not flattered by McKinley, and that he hoped to find no bottom to it. We should begin to hear from Callhoun in ten days. My belief is that his findings will be favorable to Spain. McKinley is soft and smooth toward that dusty nation, and Sherman himself has suffered a Madrid making over. It is all the more strange, this last, because the Shermans, who are all of Roundhead stock and of the true Ironside breed, go to war naturally. Sherman to-day has the instinct of carnage in him. But he is also of a saving, frugal turn and they say that McKinley has been talking "expense" to him and shown him how much cheaper is peace. To Sherman, who is by nature so close of his fist that if he owned a lake he wouldn't give a duck a drink, the dollar and cent, profit and loss, side of a choice between war and peace would make a powerful impression.

Gloomy Political Predictions Credited to Foraker.

Foraker is credited with saying privately that while the Toledo Convention to come will endorse your Uncle Hanna for the Senate, it will all prove as dead sea apples and turn to ashes on the Hanna lip. The Democracy will carry Ohio this Fall, the Legislature will be swamped in that party's favor, Hanna will be eaten up with defeat and John McLeans will come to the Senate in his storm steed. Foraker also states—behold his hand!—that Hanna is not loved in Ohio. The fire alarm never scarcely whistles this last, as it is one of the most ancient bits of Buckeye information of which we have a trace. I rather reckon Foraker is right about your Uncle Hanna's chances. That great mound builder of American politics is, I fear, to be cut down.

Roosevelt will go to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and light the lamp of investigation. There is no Administration belief that he will and any more's nest. There have been complaints from those dismissed during the last four years from the Brooklyn yard that they suffered for conviction's sake and were cast out because of the color of their politics. It falls over out that every bum and soak and tax eater who is shaken off during one reign complains at the beginning of the next that he has been a victim of unfairness and asks for his place again. Roosevelt will not be misled by such. His first question will be how many have been dismissed during the last four years. If dismissals do not rise higher than 20 percent of the whole number employed, it will not on its face be suspicious. But should the per cent go above that figure it will suggest a Congo in a pile of wood, and Roosevelt will become restless. In any event, whether he wakes suspicious or is lulled by the first showing, he will indulge himself with a strict inquiry, and where injustice has been done it will be righted. However, as I said above, neither McKinley, Long nor Roosevelt is filled with a dark theory that any Satan of partisanship has been at savage work among the Republican faithful at the Brooklyn yard. Those who have cases to make of injustice done them, those who claim to have been bitten by the dogs of Democratic wrong, might better bring all their proofs. There is but slim, conspurative show of any "quessing" taking place in their favor.

Walker's Finish Is Apparent.

To-morrow the House will meet and in some quarters the whisper is afloat that Walker—the bitter out of the House—will rap Reed once or twice because he does not organize the committees and give Walker a chance to launch his stupendous scheme of currency reform. Walker would like to gnaw Reed, but the assumption that he will is a bit hysterical. Walker would be sent to Botany Bay by Reed if he so much as barked or bared his teeth. The czar is in no humor for nonsense. Walker will present but a torn and tattered front when Reed gets through with him if he lifts one malicious murmur against the present policy of drifting which Reed has determined upon. If anybody has anything to which he may give cuffs or ginger cakes as he chooses, then Reed has the House, and poor, stiffed Walker with his smothered currency plan is only a little piece of the House.

Leo Taxil and
His Boomerang.

Paris, April 25.—Leo Taxil is a mad, merry wag if you let him tell it himself to-day. He is a low, contemptible scoundrel if you accept the view of the Abbe Gamber and other members of the Catholic clergy. Only a few days ago Taxil called himself the greatest hoaxer in the world and hired a hall to announce the fact, incidentally bragging that he had made 100,000 francs in the last three years out of his latest practical joke, and to make the Pope, cardinals, priests and people. It appears that there are among these victims, however, some who are so lamentably deficient in the quality of humorous appreciation that they are inclined to consider Taxil's innocent pranks from a legal point of view, wherefore it is, perhaps, that the merry wag is not seen on the boulevards as frequently as formerly, and that when a knock sounds upon his door in the Rue Montparnasse he crawls between the mattresses of the spare bed and tells his servant to say that he is not at home, and they don't know when to expect him, and it is scarcely worth while to wait.

Taxil, although he has kept himself before the Parisian public in various ways for the last ten years or more, has been best known as the sponsor of Diana Vaughan, "the devil-whisperer." Some years ago, under the non de plume of Gabriel Jougnot, he wrote a series of anti-religious novels and pamphlets. He pretended to reveal the mysteries of the Vatican, and to make backstairs revelations about distinguished ecclesiastics. Then he suddenly repented, retracted all his evil allegations, and went to confession to a Jesuit priest; and it was believed by hundreds of simple-minded persons, unversed in the guile of the world, that M. Taxil was a sound, practical and intelligent convert, who was an undoubted acquisition to Catholicism. Three years ago the supposed convert was identified with the publication of a book called "The Devil in the Nineteenth Century." The author was supposed to be a Dr. Bataille, an ex-surgeon in the merchant service, who recounted as a witness events in the extraordinary career of a young woman named Diana Vaughan. She was said to be born of Protestant parents in Kentucky, and to have been made Palladian Grand Mistress of the Supreme and Mysterious Lodge of Universal Freemasonry. In this capacity Diana was alleged to have married the Devil, Asmodeus, who was commander-in-chief of seventy legions of satanic spirits. Soon afterward other publications, entitled "Memoirs of an ex-Palladian" and "The Eucharistic Novena" announced that Diana Vaughan had been converted to Catholicism through the pious efforts of Taxil, and so valuable an acquisition was she considered that Cardinal Furchetti, and even the Pope himself, wrote her fatherly letters of advice and congratulation.

As for Taxil, he was considered almost a candidate for canonization since he had unmasked the Free Masons and brought over to Catholicity a woman wedded to devils. In Rome he was received with open arms, and even had an audience with the Pope at the Vatican. All this time, as Taxil confessed—or rather boasted—at the meeting he convened under the auspices of the Catholic Church in the Geographical Society's grand hall last Monday evening, he was only a false convert to Christianity, and Diana Vaughan was a typewriter girl in his employ at \$30 per month. At his best, he said, he wrote and signed letters dictated by him and addressed to high prelates. A triduum, or three days' prayer, was celebrated at the Sacre Cour for Diana, and her hymn to Joan of Arc, written by Taxil, was sung in several churches. Through Cardinal Parocchi the typewriting lady received the papal benediction, and was informed that her conversion was the most magnificent triumph of grace ever known. The Bishop of Charleston, who doubted Diana's existence, received a cold shoulder from the Pope, according to M. Taxil; and the Vice-Apostle of Gibraltar, who informed the Vatican that there were no caverns in the rocks at that point where steel crowns were manufactured by devils, as related in "The Eucharistic Novena," was not listened to.

Taxil had thoughtfully invited all his dupes, with particular reference to the Free Masons, Catholic priests and journalists among them, to his meeting on Monday evening, promising them new and wonderful disclosures with regard to devil worship by Diana Vaughan in person. Instead he devoted himself to a three hours' discourse in which he taunted them with the fact that they were a lot of the most easily gulled fools ever assembled under one roof, concluding by sarcastically thanking them for having assisted him to organize and carry out the finest hoax of the century. He was escorted out of the hall by a force of police, who found it as much as they could do to protect him from the fury of his audience. In justice to the talents of M. Taxil it must be admitted, however, that the Diana Vaughan fraud deserves to rank as the most stupendous hoax on record. If it results in landing its author in prison so much the better for the world at large, and so much the worse for Taxil. FRANK M. WHITE.

The Merry Jester.

"Did you move again this Spring, Slim?" "No, only once."—Detroit Free Press.

"No, only once before we were married that I was the light of your life." "Well, I suppose I did." "And now you come home a fat rat, Cain because the fat rat isn't lighted!"—Chicago Record.

"What's become of that peevish, cowardly, puny, chuckle-headed chump that used to be around here?" "Oh, he's not a job as one of the powers of Europe."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"What a beautiful face Miss De la Collington, the Ingenue, has. So young and fresh looking. Much prettier than the leading woman, don't you think?" "Yes, but then her husband was not a particularly handsome man. I suppose the leading lady takes after him."

"What do you mean?" "Why, didn't you know that the Ingenue was the leading lady's mother?"—Cleveland Leader.

"What caused your company to disband?" inquired the gossip.

"The cross of zealism," replied the manager sadly. "You remember the speech in which Polonius says to his son 'put money in thy purse'?"

"Yes." "Well, Laertes refused to go on with the part without real money."—Washington Star.

"You get through the paper mighty quick." "Yes, I read it by the headlines."

"Any headline in particular?" "Oser: Nominations Sent to the Senate, Cleveland Plain Dealer.